

TOM REED ANSWERED

HIS RIDICULOUS CLAIMS PUNCTURED BY HOLMAN AND SAYERS.

Hard, Cold Facts Showing That Reed's Congress Compelled Appropriations by the Present One—Public Debt Reduction by Cleveland and Harrison.

When the first session of the Fifty-first congress ended, the World predicted a deficiency in the treasury. The secretary of the treasury under the present administration have concealed the deficiency by counting among their available assets uncurrent funds, the bank note redemption fund and the gold reserve and by holding up appropriations. This fact and its true meaning have been exposed and explained by The World from time to time, and now Representatives Sayers, Dockery and Holman after an examination of the government's accounts for the past two years, verify The World's predictions by showing that there is a real deficiency of more than \$100,000,000.

Last year, because of the extravagance of the billion dollar congress, the secretary was unable to meet the requirements of the sinking fund, and this year he will fail again to pay the amount required by law to be set aside toward the satisfaction of the public debt.

Messrs. Holman, Dockery and Sayers estimate that the deficiency will be \$50,000,000 besides the sinking fund. If to this sum there be added the amount of the sinking fund due for the current fiscal year, \$48,000,000, the \$98,000,000 or more represented by uncurrent moneys and moneys owing to reserves and required for appropriations, the deficiency on June 30 next will really be much more than \$100,000,000.

The result has been accomplished by extravagance. During Mr. Harrison's administration, \$25,000,000 less of the government's bonds have been retired than were paid during Mr. Cleveland's administration. Besides this the actual lack of present funds compelled the administration to extend \$25,364,500 of the 4 1/2 per cent. bonds, so that more than \$69,000,000 must be added to the deficiency, together with \$24,000,000 representing the surplus in the treasury at the end of Cleveland's term, in order to reach a conclusion indicative of the relative cost of Mr. Harrison's and Mr. Cleveland's administrations.

In fact, the appropriations for the four years of Mr. Harrison's administration have exceeded those for the four years of Mr. Cleveland's term by \$141,944,824. Ex-Speaker Reed accuses this profligacy by asserting that the Democrats are as much responsible as the Republicans. Mr. Sayers and Judge Holman puncture this claim. The apparent excess of appropriations for the first session of the Fifty-second congress over those for the first session of the Fifty-first is \$18,245,111.92. But of this sum appropriated by this congress there was made absolutely necessary by the legislation of the Fifty-first congress the enormous amount of \$79,527,000, and of these \$69,052,843 may be charged properly to Republican legislation.

Among them are the ocean subsidy bounty, amounting to \$300,000; cost of collecting sugar bounty, \$200,000; the sugar bounty itself, \$10,000,000; and pension increase, \$48,000,000.

The Republican party cannot escape responsibility for either the extravagance of the billion dollar congress, the extravagance which it entailed upon succeeding congresses by its permanent legislation, or for the deficiency which it has created.—New York World.

An Auspicious Outlook.

The outlook for the triumph of the Democratic candidates and Democratic principles is indeed auspicious. In all sections of the country nothing but good reports are heard, and in all sections Democrats are confident that Cleveland will be the next president. The independent vote of the country is rallying around our standard bearer to a greater extent even than was anticipated. In every city, village and hamlet acquisition to the Democratic cause are almost daily reported.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.

Alone Responsible.

The Republican party is alone responsible for all the evils of misgovernment in the way of exorbitant taxation and oppressive and discriminating laws from which they as a class and the south as a section suffer.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Importance of Achieving Victory.

The importance of achieving victory is so urgent and the disastrous consequences of defeat are so manifest that no chances which may sit in winning the battle must be neglected. The depressing effect upon the country and the party which would inevitably follow a Democratic repulse in November was truthfully portrayed by Mr. Cleveland in his speech, and he emphasized the necessity for "systematic and intelligent effort on the part of all who are called in our cause. Vigorous fighting and brilliant campaigning alone will not win the election. That army fights most successfully whose forces are most compactly organized and whose movements are directed by an intrepid, skillful and confident commander. The valiant soldiers of Democracy can safely trust the wisdom and the courage of their leader in this campaign.—Chicago Herald.

The Worst Free Trade Howl.

The Republican tendency in tariff legislation has unmistakably been toward excessive protection. It is a tendency that the Democracy desires to check. It will be checked without pausing toward the opposite extreme. The issue is moderation against excess. The Republican platform is embodied in the McKinley bill. Our opponents must successfully defend that measure or be beaten. The false and outworn free trade howl has nothing to do with the case. Tariff reform is not free trade.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

A Distinction.

Democrats believe only "a few wise laws," and no legislative body is democratic that passes laws in reckless profusion. This is one distinction between the present house of representatives and the house controlled by Boss Reed and his radicals.—St. Louis Republic.

Democracy's Watchword, "Equity."

The watchword of the Democracy is equity. Its chief purpose is and always has been to preserve to every citizen the full rights guaranteed by the constitution and the largest liberty possible consistent with the public good.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

Men. D. W. Lawler, Whom the Democrats Have Nominated.

The Minnesota Democrats have nominated Hon. D. W. Lawler as their candidate for governor, and, to use the vernacular, the Republicans will have to "bustle" if they do not want to be badly "bustled."

Mr. Lawler's career gives promise of great things in the future. He is the son of General John Lawler, one of Wisconsin's best known campaigners of a couple of decades ago. The Democratic gubernatorial candidate was born in Prairie du Chien, Wis., but thirty-two years ago. He was graduated from the Georgetown (D. C.) college in 1881 with high honor as an A. B. He has since received the degree of A. M. from his alma mater.

Mr. Lawler entered the law department of Yale university, won several degrees and most of the important prizes, and after graduating located, in 1895, in St. Paul, where he began the practice of law. He has held no political office, with the exception of assistant United States district attorney for his district and corporation counsel of St. Paul. It is not improbable, however, that he will be the next governor of Minnesota.

An Astonishing List.

It takes ten columns of space in the New York World to recapitulate all the strikes which have occurred in protected industries in this country since the McKinley law went into effect. The magnitude of the list is astonishing, even to those who have long been convinced that "protection" protects capital in its aggressions on labor. Sixteen days after the act went into effect 1,500 iron miners at Dayton, Tenn., struck against a reduction of wages. That was the first, and it has been followed by no fewer than 473 strikes against reduction of wages under the operation of the McKinley tariff. As the World expresses it, there has been no instant of time since the McKinley tariff act went into effect that there has not been in progress somewhere within the United States a strike against a proposed reduction of wages in some protected industry.—St. Paul Globe.

A Constantly Narrowing Margin.

The impressiveness of Grover Cleveland's speech was principally in the fact that he spoke truths that all have experienced, when he said that the people are "burdened as consumers by a tariff system that relentlessly and unjustly demands from them in the purchase of the necessities and comforts of life an amount scarcely met by wages of hard and daily toil." From every city and hamlet in the land the facts prove this truth, and no sweeping general statement can convince the consumers of the country, who see the margin between wages and cost of living grow thinner and thinner, that they are being benefited by Republican protection.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

An Edifying Object Lesson.

In the proof of the enormous profit made by the Carnegie company in the production of steel ingots under the McKinley tariff may be seen the ground on which Mr. Swank congratulated the members of the Iron and Steel association on the passage of "the most protective tariff in the world." It is, too, will be seen the basis of Mr. Carnegie's ability to exemplify the great American system of protection by purchasing castles in Scotland, England and other countries, whose citizens he desires to cheer with a sight of a triumphant Democrat. Will Republican organs continue to defend the iron and steel schedule?—Chicago Times.

Light Head, Heavy Tail.

While that portion of the banner occupied by the name of Harrison sometimes exhibits itself to the gaze of the spectator, the tail of the streamer which supports the name of Reid hangs like a leaden weight upon the shoulders of a gale. At times it seems as if Harrison's name would rise to the emergency, as it were, but as often the name of Reid pulls back like a balky horse and drags down the proprietor of grandpa's hat to a perpendicular. The banner is very suggestive, on the whole, of the Republican feeling toward the presidential ticket.—Lansing (Mich.) Journal.

"They Know Their Enemy."

It is all very well to shout that the force bill is dead. It is all very well to cry aloud that the Republican party is now a party of love, having forgotten that Cleveland and his friends were the authors of its history the many former attempts to make the federal bayonet control the southern ballot. Southern white men are not to be deceived, however. They know their enemy, whether behind a domino or in the broad glare of electricity.—Nashville American.

The Silent Vote for Cleveland.

The quiet satisfaction with the course of events is visible everywhere. Men are not saying much. But wherever a Cleveland and Stevenson club is formed the membership is apt to be heavy. The silent vote is preparing to fall into line for Cleveland and reform at least the indications and symptoms point that way.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Justifying Themselves.

To a great extent the reciprocity project was a humbug. It was intended as a sugar coating for the bitter pill of the McKinley tariff. "What do we care for reciprocity?" said Major McKinley. "Let us cultivate and develop the home market and leave foreign trade to take care of itself," said other leading lights of Republicanism. Yet in spite of these declarations of antagonism to foreign trade the Republicans backed the reciprocity sections to the McKinley law with the pseudo purpose of securing new foreign markets for our agriculturists and manufacturers.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

A Land of Plenty.

(Airs—"The Ninety and Nine.")

Oh, there's plenty, they say, in all the land, Too much to eat and so weary, Yet children hunger at every hand, And sliver in winter air, And the people of West stalks grain and bare In the midst of abundance in their yards.

There are ships that bulge with their precious freight, And oceans of grain in store, And the finest of raiment piled on shelves That grow as they wait for buyers, There are orchards and fields with their fruits galore, But these are not for the starving poor.

There are acres broad covered by the plow, And forest and mountain glades, But the pauper lies with a fevered brow, Locked in the city's den, For these are not for the women and men Who starve and die in a nameless pain.

The noise of a commerce that knows no bounds Rears out through the busy land, While Lazarus walks on his weary rounds With his and empty hands, And the army of work and houses and lands, And wishes for work and houses and lands.

With cruel fetters the favored few Have fastened the hand of trade, The law "protects" with its dread taboo The men who have millions made, And the people in fear gaze on, afraid To leave the narrow path of trade.

Let the people hope, for a man of might Shall shatter the fetters strong, See, Grover Cleveland shall lead the fight And this shall be all our song, We'll sweep all the wrongs from upon us, And men and women shall be free, —New York World.

A SENSIBLE MOVE.

A New York Republican Ex-Assemblyman Becomes a Democrat.

D. Morgan Hildreth, who was elected to the assembly last year by the Republican vote of the first district, has written a letter to John Proctor Clark, president of the Republican organization of that district, in which he says: "Permit me to tender to the Republican organization through you my resignation as a member thereof. Up to the present time I have actively co-operated with the Republican party, and I am actuated by a belief that the platform of the two great parties represented the sincere principles of government which were placed in issue in each succeeding election.

"I realize that I have received at the hands of the Republican organization of the Twenty-first election district the highest honor it had to confer in my nomination and election as a member of assembly from that district, one of the few Republican organizations in the city of New York capable of so honoring one of its constituents.

"I have certainly naught to complain of in the treatment I have received at the hands of the leaders of the district. For all favors I have received, I am sincerely grateful. I have come to believe, however, the fact is that the professors of the Republican party are unwise, and that the platform adopted in the past have been adopted solely with a view of inducing such enthusiastic theorists as myself to swear allegiance to that party.

"Therefore I now retire from what seems to me to be a field of hypocrisy to which I was allured by blandishments, misstatements and deception. The only issue in the election between the two dominant political parties was that of protection. I believed in that principle. I believe in it today, provided that its attendant advantages can be made universal and not special."

Mr. Hildreth goes on to say that the protective system as applied to manufacturers and laborers gives the former all advantages through the increased prices they are able to charge for articles, and that the wages of workmen are not correspondingly increased. He concludes: "My allegiance to the Republican party in the past has been induced by exactness of conscience, and I now retire from that party because of the fact that I have learned from experience to know and believe in its absolute insincerity in this one cardinal issue as demonstrated in practice."—New York Herald.

A False Definition.

The statement that a tariff for revenue "confines the dutiable list to non-competitive products" is a false definition. The Democratic platform advances no such principle. The Democratic candidate in his celebrated message to congress clearly stated that he favored such an adjustment of the tariff as would conserve the interests of American manufacturing and American labor. At Madison Square garden he said: "Ours is not a destructive party. We are not at enmity with the rights of any of our citizens. All are our countrymen. We are not recklessly heedless of any American interests, nor will we abandon our regard for them."—Exchange.

Their Tune Has Changed.

Republican leaders ought to feel a little cheap themselves to be telling their followers that things have never been so cheap as now, when not many months ago their present chief, whom they so stoutly profess to worship, expressed great contempt for cheap things, saying that when you see a cheap coat you generally expect to find a cheap man under it. Now the tune appears to run the other way, and to insist that the McKinley bill has rather depressed prices—made them cheaper instead of making them dearer, as it was planned to do, and as it has undoubtedly done.—Portland (Me.) Eastern Argus.

How Much Do You Get?

Mr. Carnegie draws \$4,500,000 a year as his part of the profits of the iron business—that is, he gains every second ninety-five cents; every minute, \$3.70; every hour, \$222.40; every day, \$5,337.60; every week, \$36,963.20; every month, \$155,000. How much do you get out of the tariff? Let every man answer this question for himself, remembering that every dollar Carnegie makes is pure bounty, according to the statement of the protectionists, because, if they tell the truth, manufacturers would not pay at all in this country but for this blessed tariff.—Salem (N. C.) People's Press.

Republicans in a Sad Way.

The Republicans are saying a good deal about Mr. Cleveland's "misgivings" as to the advisability of nominating him. They are also industriously circulating the report that he is not quite so slender as Hamlet or Romeo. All we have to say on the subject is that if our Republican friends are depending on these great arguments to elect Messrs. Harrison and Reid, they must be in a sad way for campaign material, and have very slim hopes of electing their candidates.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

WHY HE LIKES DODES

HOW A PUNY TENDERFOOT ASTONISHED A ROUGH WESTERNER.

Because He Had White Hands and Wore Clean Collars He Was Dubbed "Snick and Snalace"—His Showed What He Was Made of by Having a Bangor's Life.

We had stopped at a railroad station on the Pecos river, and many of the passengers were walking up and down the long platform. Among them was a dapper young man who excited considerable ridicule from the dozen rough fellows hanging about. One of them finally said something about "chasing him up," when an old man in the gang raised his hand and said:

"That's 'nough, boys; don't go any further."

"What's it to you?" demanded the other.

"A heap, I reckon! It's so much to me that I'll do a little shooting on that fellow's account if he goes home."

The two men looked menacingly at each other, and for twenty seconds I expected to see them draw and fire. Then the younger one walked away, growling as he went, leaving the field to the old man.

"Would you have fought for the dode?"

I asked when the strain had been relieved.

"Bartley!" he grimly answered.

"But you don't know him."

"No, and probably never shall, but he sort of reminds me of a little circumstance that happened seven or eight years ago. I had a ranch up on the Pecos plains, and a dude came out from New York city to visit a neighbor of mine. He was just such a banister as this chap. He had soft hands, a woman's way of talking, and I looked him over and made up my mind that a Texas baby three years old could give him pointers. Why, darn it, if he didn't wear white shirts and collars and play the pianist! I tried to be civil to him, 'cause he was a stranger, but it 'bood made me sick. I never looked at him without thinkin' o' mush and 'lasses."

"Well?"

"Well, after he'd bin out there 'bout three months, Jim and me went out one day to look up some stray mustangs. The first thing we knew we got a volley from a lot of Indians who had broke loose from the reservation. Jim was hit in the shoulder, but fortunately carried off by his horse who was a fier. I headed for a sink I knowed of and reached it without a scratch. Then, you see, my caper was to stand 'em off till Jim could send help. I had a Winchester and plenty of cartridges, and during the first hour I wound up one snake and killed another. Then I got a chunk o' lead through this right arm and begun to feel a bit nervous as to how it would turn out. I swiped a bullet into another, and in re- turned I got this rascal along the skull. I was ten minutes arter that befo' I begun to feel powerful sick and weak, and I just reckoned that my scalp was goin' to make an ornament on some red critter's 'bust."

"But you still stood them off?"

"As well as able, but the end would have come in about fifteen minutes more. The last three or four shots I fired I was so blind I couldn't see a rod. The reds was shootin' to close and makin' ready to cheer when I heard a wild yell. I couldn't see what took place, but I know how it was just the same. That mugh and 'lasses dude was out on a hoss huntin' jackass rabbits, and Jim ran across him and told him how I was fixed and axed him to ride for help. What do you think the durned cuss did?"

"Rode for home!"

"Not much! He rode fur me! He'd never seen a war injun in his life, and Jim told him that was a full dozen arter me, but it made no difference. He comes up on a dead run, yellin' and shootin', and I'll chaw my hat if he didn't lay out two of the critters and kill a pony arter they could get away. He said right in to me, 'What's the matter?' I thought he had a big crowd behind him. That little dude with soft hands and puny arms lifted me onto his horse and rode to my ranch and then heads a crowd back and runs them reds 'leven miles and kills another."

"Why, darn it, me he got two ponies out of his camp, and I gathered up more vampan, bows, arrows, tomahawks, knives and such than any six of us had collected in five years. When I got about I helped him to box and ship 'em to some club in New York. 'Pears to me it was sumthin' like the Manhattan club. Leastwise, it had a 'tarnal longish name, and the fellow was a member."

"And you came to like him?"

"Say! He kin hev all I've got in this world any time he axes for it. I made a big mistake axin' him up. He could be any of us with the pistol, and the fellow who took hold of him for a rascal was throwed sky high before he could lide his backbaker. He could run like a cat, jump like a deer, and he couldn't find a broncho who could buck him off."

"And that's why you interfered, is it?"

"Exactly. Show me a dude and I'll back him. These boys hadn't learned the difference between a dude and a fule yet, but I hev and I don't want no cheap chaps behind me in a pinch, than dudes, specially New York dudes."—New York Herald.

To Take Off Old Paint.

It is very seldom now that you see a painter burn off old paint with a spirit lamp or torch, though there are still a few who stick to the old method. The easiest way to clean paint off wood, or even metal, is to mix lime and sal soda pretty thickly in water and then apply freely with a brush. After a short time the paint can be scraped off without difficulty. Any amateur can use this recipe; only a little care is advisable, as the mixture will remove skin on the hands or face even more rapidly than it will remove paint from wood or metal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sportive Lambs.

A flock of ewes and lambs were once observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with this flock, the biggest lamb leading around the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file. Any lamb that took the leap unassisted would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side. Fawns played a sort of cross touch from one side to the other, the "touch" in each case being by the nose.—London Tit-Bits.

Does Lightning Fear the Milk?

It is a well known fact that milk is especially apt to sour during the prevalence of a thunderstorm, and from this it has been surmised that the electric discharge held some mysterious sway over the lactical fluid. An Italian experimenter, one Professor G. Tolomei, has been making trials of various sorts, the object being to throw some light on electric influence over milk molecules.

In his first experience he passed an electric discharge from a Holtz machine between two balls of platinum hanging two inches apart in a bottle containing a quart of fresh milk; secondly, by sending a current from the Holtz machine to the platinum at the bottom of a Y tube filled with the same fluid; thirdly, by subjecting milk in a test tube to the action of a strong battery current through a silk covered copper wire wound spirally around the tube.

In each one of these experiments, which were as thorough as any lover of science could wish, it was proved that acidulation of the milk was delayed instead of hastened, as had been expected. Three equal portions of milk from the same milking thus treated began to grow acid on the seventh, ninth and sixth days, respectively, while other portions of it which had not been treated with electricity were rankly acid on the evening of the third day. Having thus disproved the popular theory of lightning being the direct cause of the acidification of milk, Professor Tolomei tried once and found therein the mystic agent of milk souring. In his second trial of ozone he brought the surface of a quantity of milk close to the two balls of the machine and, and the fluid almost instantly became acid in consequence.

Here at last a mystery that has puzzled professors and peasants alike has been made plain.—St. Louis Republic.

Shoes for the Dead.

Among Chicago's industries is a factory where the manufacture of shoes for corpses is carried on exclusively.

Out of five neat black boxes a representative of the firm yesterday took as many different sizes. These were adults' and children's shoes. The material corresponded with the purpose of their use. The shoes are certainly nice to look at. The soles are cut out of pasteboard and are covered with grained paper. The uppers are a combination of quilted satin and crocheted work. A ribbon, inserted at the top and tied in a neat bow-knot, holds the shoe to the foot.

"Men's shoes are always black," it was said. "Occasionally we turn out a lot of brown ones. We have had special orders for men's white shoes, but only in a few instances. Shoes for women and children are always white. They are not expensive; five to fifteen dollars will purchase a dozen pairs."

The burial shoe is a patented article. It was designed by a Joliet (Ill.) woman who is now enjoying the profits of her idea. The Chicago company has been in existence for nearly a decade, and is catering to an ever increasing demand. The firm employs a traveling man, who covers all the territory between Maine and California. It takes ten girls and several machines to keep up the large orders. The average monthly output is 15,000 pairs during the dull season. It is increased to 25,000 during a busy period.—Chicago Tribune.

The Gold Cure Is Very Old.

The precious metal has been employed both externally and internally, in the metallic state, in solution and by sympathy, for a great variety of ailments that flesh is heir to, for over 2,000 years. The train of thought which led the ancients to employ this highly prized material can be well told in the quaint language of the distinguished Dutch physician and chemist, Hermann Boerhaave; writing about 1735, he says: "The alchemists will have this metal contain I know not what mystical balm of life capable of restoring health and continuing it to the longest period."

"What led the early physicians to imagine such wonderful virtue in gold was that they perceived certain qualities therein which they fancied must be conveyed thereby into the body; gold, for instance, is not capable of being destroyed; hence they concluded it must be very proper to preserve animal substance and save them from putrefaction, which is a method of reasoning very much like that of some fanciful physicians who sought for an assuaging remedy in the blood of an ass ear by reason the ass is a very calm beast!"

Professor H. Carrington Bolton in Popular Science Monthly.

A Laughable Superstition.

"A curious illustration of the value of superstitions," said Mr. Kniss, the diamond expert for Tiffany & Co., "was afforded me the other day by a lady who brought a set of opals here for the purpose of selling them. She felt obliged to part with them on account of a series of misfortunes in her family which she feared were attributable to the gems, so notoriously unlucky. On examining them I found that they were merely imitations. A few weeks ago I had in my possession three opals which had been transformed into opal. Their original limy material had been dissolved out of the rock by which they were inclosed, and the precious substance was deposited by water in place of the lime, retaining the form of the shells. A graduate of Harvard college brought the curious story presented it to that institution."—New York Sun.

An Absentminded Journalist.

Jim Faberupner is one of the most industrious journalists in New York. He thinks of nothing but his professional duties.

One day his wife (to whom he was recently married) said to him: "You don't speak to me any more. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Oh, no, but I just can't find time. I'm pressed for time."

"Yes, but I don't get pressed at all," responded the neglected wife. This well merited rebuke reminded the journalist of his obligations to his better half.—Texas Sittings.

It Is an Interesting Fact That Out of sixteen cities of over 500,000 population in the United States, fourteen, or over 87 per cent., are using the electrical railway system or equipping roads with the system.

Serpents together constitute one order of the class of reptiles, the other still existing members of that class constituting three other plainly distinct orders, namely, crocodiles, lizards, tortoises.

The yellow day lily is not as common as it deserves to be. The flowers are of a clear canary yellow and the foliage is very luxuriant.

CLAIRETTE SOAP IS MADE

ONLY BY H. L. FAIRBANKS & CO. ST. LOUIS.



EVERY WOMAN THAT HAS ANY SENSE, AND MANY THERE BE WE HOPE, WILL SPEND HER CENTS FOR A USEFUL CAKE OF FAIRBANKS' CLAIRETTE SOAP.

A Prominent Republican Leader.

There is some significance in the fact that Mr. William Dudley Foulke, late president of the National Civil Service Reform association, has (by request) resigned his membership in the silk stocking Harrison Republican club in Indianapolis. Mr. Foulke has seen enough of Harrisonian civil service reform to make him think that Grover Cleveland should be the next president. He will vote for Grover.—Philadelphia Record.

The Colors of Amber.

Amber has a wonderful variety of colors. Some of it is as clear as crystal, some as yellow as honey, some is light blue and again a transparent green. Then it is found as white as snow, the color of cream, and often many of these tints are blended in one piece. There is a popular notion to the effect that amber has curative qualities for such ailments as croup and sore throat, and many thousand neckties of it are sold annually for that purpose.—Interview in Washington Star.

How to Conciliate an Editor.

"You look awful blue. What is the matter with you?"

"That editor has sent back my last batch of poems. I wish I knew how to get his good will."

"That's easy enough done."

"How am I to do it to put him in good humor?"

"Don't send him any more of your poetry."—Texas Sittings.

In Kentucky the public school teachers are not paid a fixed salary, but receive so much for each pupil.

This plan has one good effect, that of stimulating teachers to secure scholars and thus extend the benefits of education, but some have been found making false returns.

All intelligent persons are familiar with the fact that the body is in a perpetual state of assimilation and elimination—nutrition and waste.

The two processes balance each other in a healthy and normal physical condition.

Can be counted on to cure Catarrh—Dr. J. B. Catarrh's Remedy.

It is nothing new. For 25 years it has been doing what it gives prompt and complete relief—but you want more than that. And you get it, with this remedy—there's a cure that is perfect and permanent. The worst chronic case, no matter how long standing, yields to its mild, soothing and healing properties. "Cold in the Head" needs but a few applications. Catarrh of the nose, throat, and lungs, and all the troubles that come from Catarrh are at once relieved and cured. You can count on something else, too—\$5.00 in cash. You can count on it, but it's more than doubtful whether you earn it. The proprietor of Dr. J. B. Catarrh's Remedy, in good faith, offers that amount for an incurable case of Catarrh. Don't think that you have caught a cold. Don't think that you can cure it. That's just about as certain, too. Can you ask more!

COPPER